

A Diplomatic Encounter.

(Original.)
I will not dwell on how I, a woman, got into the foreign secret service. Father died insolvent. Mother and I were reduced from affluence to poverty. I applied to a friend in the foreign office for a clerkship. It happened that at the time the Americans were aiming at a treaty with Japan that would be prejudicial to our interests. An emissary of the state department at Washington was on his way via the Mediterranean with the treaty. The vessel he traveled in was to stop at Marseilles.

I confess I was shocked at the proposition that was made me—I, who had never done a mean thing in my life—to wheedle a knowledge of the drift of the treaty out of the American. But the reward was great, enough to keep mother and me in comparative comfort.

In social life I had been considered what the Americans call "a flirt," but I was never dishonorable. I would never attack a man unless he was inclined that way himself. Now I was expected to win one simply for pay. The temptation was too great for me. I yielded. I boarded the ship at Marseilles. Roger Sutherland, whom I was to snare, was a modest looking, quiet man. I soon made his acquaintance, and he seemed to take to me at once. He said that if it were not for my accent he would not believe me to be English; that I had all the sprightliness of an American girl. The game I was playing was natural to me. I didn't have to try to win him. If I had possibly I might have failed.

But, as to stealing the information, I didn't know where to begin. We had passed through the "before I ventured to make a move in that direction. I began by asking his occupation. He prevaricated. I teased him. He told me that he had a government position, and that was all that I could get out of him for a long while. Then suddenly he told me everything. I wondered why he who had so long been reticent should have changed so quickly. He answered my every question, and truthfully. The treaty was in his trunk in his stateroom. Did he not fear it would be stolen? No. There was a lock on the trunk that had been made for it. The key was of a peculiar kind. The next time we were on deck together, feigning to be moved by a natural feminine curiosity, I teased him to let me see the key. He took it out of his pocket and handed it to me. Feigning an intention to frighten him I ran to the side of the ship and held it in my fist over the water. He didn't even follow me. So I took it back and gave it to him. I had provided myself with a bit of wax and had squeezed an impression of the key.

Pretexting that I had lost the key of my own trunk, I called for one of the ship's mechanics to make me another from the wax impression. My victim happily spent an hour or more after dinner in the smoking room. I took a great risk. I entered his stateroom and with the key made from the impression opened the trunk, found the treaty, took it to my stateroom, copied it—it was in cipher—and got it back to the trunk in plenty of time to avoid getting caught.

With success came the pricking of conscience. I told my victim of my circumstances, the loss of my father, my effort to obtain employment and ended by falsely telling him that I was going out to India to be a governess. From that moment his manner changed toward me. I had considered before that my success was due to having won his heart. Now I was sure of it. Then he asked me to be his wife.

Now, for the first time, I realized that if I had won him I had been won in winning him. Whatever was good in my nature rebelled at my trickery. I longed to confess it and throw myself upon his mercy. But I dared not. From loving me he would despise me. I told him that I could never be his wife; that there was a barrier between us; that I was unworthy of him. He soothingly reassured me, said my conscience was abnormally sensitive; that he was sure one so lovely could not do anything very wrong.

The night before we reached Bombay we were on deck together under the starry heavens.

"Sweetheart," he said, "we part to-morrow. It rests with you whether our parting shall be forever or I shall call on you on my return. You are not cut out for a diplomat, but you will make a good wife for one."

"A diplomat! I a diplomat!"
He took my hand. "I suspected you the moment you began to play your game, and I played mine to trap you. I gave you my key on purpose and knew how you used it by traces of wax adhering to it. Certain pages of the manuscript you stole were loosely tucked together, and I found them detached. I was disappointed to learn all this, but when afterward you told me how you had been tempted I pitied you. You are a lady and out of your element. I would be sorry for you losing your pay if I wished you to earn pay in that way."

"And my copy of the cipher dispatch?" I faltered. "I will give it to you at once."

"Don't hurry. It is no cipher, but a jumble intended to deceive you."

"And do you mean that you can love one who has made this abject attempt?"

"If we only loved those who were perfect there would be no marriage. You have simply been parted for a brief time by circumstances from your natural self."

GWENDOLIN ADAMS.

Information Wanted.
Guest (in cheap restaurant)—Say, waiter, what kind of a steak is this?
Waiter—That's a round steak. See?
Guest—Have you any idea how many rounds it will take to knock it out?—Pittsburg Post.

CAMP SCANDAL IN DREW CASE

Entertainments Given by Prominent Albany Men Near

TEAL POND TO BE PROBED

Starting Stories Expected—Final Session of the Inquest Is Begun by the Coroner and the District Attorney.

Troy, N. Y., July 31.—What is expected to be the final session of the inquest into the case of Hazel Drew, the young girl found dead in Teal pond July 11, and believed to have been murdered, began at the court house here yesterday. That Coroner Stroppe will announce his findings tonight is confidently expected, but that anything new will be disclosed is scarcely believed.

A sombre scene was enacted when Mrs. John Drew, mother of the dead girl, identified the clothing and jewelry that was on the body of her daughter, when she was found in the old mill pond. Mrs. Drew was dressed in deep mourning, but she did not seem to be affected, smiling now and then as she handled the various articles of apparel in which the girl went to her tragic death.

Prof. Carcy at whose home the girl was employed, was the first witness called.

One incident in connection with the Teal pond tragedy of which little has been known will receive a thorough investigation before the inquest closes. A certain camp situated near the mill pond where Hazel Drew was killed, at which many peculiar entertainments were said to have been arranged by the owners, alleged to be prominent Albany men, will be probed deeply by the district attorney.

Two women from Sand Lake neighborhood will testify about this camp, and revelations of a startling character are promised. Whether or not this testimony will shed any light on the killing of the Drew girl is regarded as problematical. Late last night a message was received in the city from detectives in the Grafton Mountains, saying their quest had been in vain.

A SHORT SPEECH.

Made by an Indian Chief in Reply to a Government Agent.

Old Shab-bah-Skong, the head chief of Mille Lac, brought all his warriors to defend Fort Ripley in 1862. The secretary of the interior and the governor and legislature of Minnesota promised these Indians that for this act of bravery they should have the special care of the government and never be removed.

A few years later a special agent was sent from Washington to ask the Ojibways to cede their lands and remove to a country north of Leech lake. The agent asked my help. I said:

"I know that country. I have camped on it. It is the most worthless strip of land in Minnesota. The Indians are not fools. Don't attempt this folly. You will surely come to grief."

He called the Indians in council and said:

"My red brothers, your great father has heard how you have been wronged. He said, 'I will send them an honest man.' He looked in the north, the south, the east and the west. When he saw me, he said, 'This is the honest man whom I will send to my red children.' Brothers, look at me! The winds of fifty-five years have blown over my head and silvered it with gray, and in all that time I have never done wrong to any man. As your friend I ask you to sign this treaty."

Old Shab-bah-Skong sprang to his feet and said:

"My friend, look at me! The winds of more than fifty winters have blown over my head and silvered it with gray, but they have not blown my brains away."

That council was ended.

The Burnt Cork Circle.

"Mistah Middleman, Ah has ah rid die."

"Mr. Bones, we shall be delighted to have you propound it."

"Yessah, but hit ain't nothin' lak dat."

Ah just desires to ax yo' what am de difference between ah storekeeper whose business is improv'n' an' a man who selects feathers fo' sofa pillows?"

"That's a pretty hard nut to crack, Mr. Bones. Now, what is the difference between a storekeeper whose business is improv'n' and a man who selects feathers fo' sofa pillows?"

"De storekeeper's business is pick'n' up, an' de other man's business is pick'n' down."

"Mr. T. N. Orr will sing the pathetic ballad, 'He Married Himself to a Marvel Wave, an' Now He's All at Sea.'"

Harper's Weekly.

Two Hairs.

"I begin to realize," said young Mr. Kallow, "that I am no longer a mere youth now that I've got a little hair on my lip."

"Yes," said Miss Knox, "and I suppose in a month or so you'll have another one."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Moral Lesson Lost.

"Good for Squillips! I hear that since he quit drinking he has got rich."

"It's too bad to spoil that story, but it's the other way. Since he got rich he has quit drinking."—Chicago Tribune.

WEAK WOMEN AMNESTY IS PROCLAIMED

NEED A TONIC AS THEY APPROACH THE AGE OF FORTY.

Much Suffering Is Caused by Being Unprepared to Meet the Extra Strain to Be Borne at That Time.

As a woman approaches the age of forty or thereabouts, she should pay particular attention to her health. The hard work, which she may have been accustomed to do and the worry and excitement of her daily life, should be lessened or avoided as much as possible. As her health after she passes this time will depend in a large measure upon it, every woman owes it to herself to build up her health during these years. It is absolutely necessary that the blood be made pure and rich, thereby enabling all the organs of the body to perform their work regularly. For this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have long been recognized as the standard medicine, because of their great blood-building and tonic properties.

Mrs. Minnie A. Kehling, a professional nurse, of 1008 E. North Illinois street, Indianapolis, Ind., says:

"An operation for appendicitis left me in a weakened condition and I approached the age of forty in a poor state of health. I was sick for two years, being very restless and had sick headaches all the time. I did not have much of an appetite and lived mostly on fruits and light foods, but even these caused so much gas on my stomach that I was continually belching it. Oftentimes there seemed to be a weight on my stomach."

"I was doctoring with local physicians but did not get better so decided to give them up and try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which I had read about in the paper. I noticed after taking a few boxes of the pills that I was beginning to get a little color. I took several boxes more and was cured. I have been in good health ever since and able to do my work."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are adapted for diseases due to impure blood and shattered nerves. They are invaluable in anemia, rheumatism, after-effects of the grip and fevers and sick headaches, dizziness, nervousness, neuralgia, and even partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia.

A valuable booklet entitled "Plain Talks to Women" will be sent free, in a sealed envelope, upon request, to any woman interested.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; six boxes \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

FATAL AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT.

Alfred Lauterbach, Son of Prominent New York Politician, Killed.

New York, July 31.—Alfred Lauterbach, son of Edward Lauterbach, a prominent lawyer and politician, was almost instantly killed in an automobile accident early yesterday morning. In company with two friends Mr. Lauterbach was riding in an automobile on the Williamsbridge road, the Bronx, and was about to cross the tracks of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, when the machine collided with a guard rail on the approach to the bridge. Mr. Lauterbach, who was driving the car, was rendered unconscious, and when a doctor arrived from the nearest hospital, he pronounced the young man dead. Mr. Lauterbach was thirty-five years old.

Alfred Lauterbach was born in this city May 20, 1871, and was a son of Edward Lauterbach, a well-known lawyer and former president of the Republican county committee. He was a graduate of Columbia college and of the Columbia law school. He received his degree of A. B. in 1890 and of LL. B. in 1892, and in the latter year he was admitted to the bar. From 1892 to 1895 he worked at his profession in his father's law office. In 1895 Mr. Lauterbach was appointed by Colonel John R. Fellows a deputy assistant district attorney. Mr. Lauterbach had been engaged in a number of important trials since he accepted a place in the office of the public prosecutor, among which were the Caesar and Barberi murder cases. Since his retirement from office he had been associated with his father's firm of Hoadley, Lauterbach & Johnson.

MRS. GUNNESS A SUICIDE?

Traces of Arsenic Were Found in Her Stomach.

Laporte, Ind., July 31.—Coroner Mack announced yesterday that Dr. Haines, of Rush medical college, who analyzed the stomach of Andrew Helgelein of Aberdeen, S. D., last victim of Mrs. Belle Gunness, finding strychnine and arsenic in fatal doses, also has found in the stomachs of Mrs. Gunness and two of the children arsenic and strychnine in quantities sufficient to have caused death. The discovery has opened up the possibility of Mrs. Gunness having killed the children in the same manner in which she took the lives of her victims and then having ended her own life with a fatal dose. Attorney Vorden, who represents ay Lamphere, charged with the Gunness murders, declares that the discovery shows that his client could have had nothing to do with the death of the woman and her children.

SON OF LUKE WRIGHT BREAKS LEG IN FIGHT.

Injured in Tussle with Unknown Man in Memphis Alleyway.

Memphis, Tenn., July 31.—Sommes Wright, youngest son of Gen. Luke E. Wright, is in a hospital with a broken leg sustained in a fight with an unidentified man in a narrow alleyway Wednesday night.

The fight began when the men bumped into each other in the passage way. Wright fell to the pavement with his leg doubled up and his opponent on top.

TO ENJOIN LUMBER MERGER.

A Suit to Prevent a \$300,000,000 Lumber Combine.

St. Louis, Mo., July 31.—Suit to enjoin the proposed merger of lumber companies operating throughout the United States into a \$300,000,000 combine to control the yellow pine industry, was brought yesterday in the circuit court by Attorney General Hadley. Judge Kinsey granted a temporary injunction restraining the organization of the combine, and fixed Aug. 17 for a hearing.

Engineer Killed and Several Passengers Hurt—Bound for California.

Topeka, Kan., July 31.—Santa Fe passenger train No. 3, west bound—the California Limited—went into a ditch at Wakarusa, twelve miles west of here today. The engineer was killed and several passengers injured. A relief train was made up at Topeka.

The wreck is said to have been caused by fast running. All the coaches left the track.

His Summer Evenings.

"I wish I had never learned to play cards," exclaimed a man who had been unfortunate at the game.

"You mean you wish you had learned, don't you?" was his wife's rejoinder.—Tit-Bits.

Her Reason.

Miss Bridge Fiend—Oh, Mr. Frost, I'm afraid you've been playing cards for money.

Mr. Frost—How do you know?

Miss Bridge Fiend—Your game has improved so.—Brooklyn Life.

Blows to Reform.

Monetary reform at Narragansett Pier is delightful congressional work, with country club and family joys and cool ocean breezes.—Boston Herald.

Skin 'Em Alive.

Being a generous soul, perhaps Mr. Roosevelt will send back to Mr. Bryan from Africa a lion's skin for the Democratic donkey.—Chicago News.

AMNESTY IS PROCLAIMED

Pardon Granted by Sultan to Armenians in America

200,000 ARE AFFECTED

But Popular Unrest in the Ottoman Empire Continue to Increase—Christian Fear the Turks.

New York, July 31.—The sultan of Turkey, through the Turkish consul general in this city, Mundi Dey, today proclaimed a general amnesty to all political fugitives, regardless of race, in this country. This relates to about 200,000 Armenians and others in the United States.

The message received by the Turkish consul general from the Turkish government was as follows:

"Inform all fugitive Turkey citizens in New York city and in all the United States, including political fugitives without regard to race or nationality, whether Greek, Armenian, Turkish, Albanian, everything, that after promulgation of a constitution for the Turkish empire his majesty, the sultan, upon request of the government, has proclaimed general amnesty and all political fugitives may go back to Turkey after having the necessary passports verified at the offices of the Turkish consul general, 50 Pearl street, New York city."

Mundi Dey said:

"There are some 400,000 Turkish citizens in this country and more than 200,000 of these are political fugitives, men who may have often longed to return to their old homes, but have feared to do so. These men may now go back to their country without fear. This is a great day for Turkey and the Turkish people."

LACKAWANNA SWITCHMEN NOT LIKELY TO STRIKE.

Their Grievance to Be Taken Up to President Truesdale.

Scranton, Pa., July 31.—The official statement of the Switchmen's union relative to the switchmen's controversy with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad company will be issued soon. The indications are against a strike declaration, because conditions at present, it is said, are not favorable to a successful issue.

The grievance of the discharged men will not be dropped, however, but will be carried up to President Truesdale of the Lackawanna.

MOYER RE-ELECTED

Western Federation of Miners Votes Aid to Pettibone.

Denver, July 31.—Charles H. Moyer has been re-elected president of the Western Federation of Miners. Ernest Mills of Greenwood, B. C., was elected secretary and treasurer.

A resolution was adopted extending aid to George A. Pettibone, one of the three men taken to Odahou under the charge of conspiracy to murder Gov. Steunenberg.

Pettibone is dangerously ill now at his home in this city.

OUR JAPAN TREATY.

Trade Mark and Copyright Approved by Ministry.

Tokio, July 31.—The trade mark and copyright treaty between the United States and Japan was approved by the Privy Council yesterday and will be presented to the Emperor for ratification.

The delay in the approval of the treaty was owing to the recent change of ministry.

SANTA FE LIMITED IS DITCHED NEAR TOPEKA

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The Boy Comes Down.

The office boy may seek the man; but the boy looking for a job comes down on it like a mob.—Puck.

Also Antedating.

Let the keynote make its bow; We are waiting. Half the land is busy now, Candidating.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

His Summer Evenings.

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Food for thought
Food for work
Food for brain

Uneeda Biscuit

The most nourishing of all wheat foods.

5¢ In dust tight, moisture proof packages. Never sold in bulk.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

JINGLES AND JESTS

Baked Apples, Southern Style.

Hector thought Olympus fine
With its airy dew of wine;
Bacchus in the forest drew
Tankards of the foamy brew,
Malt of blossoms, tang of root,
With his pimpled face—the brute!

Sylvan fancies, dainty pied,
Golden locked and azure eyed,
Take the lily's cups of gold,
With the crystal draughts they hold,
Drinking till the sparkling stream
Fills them with the dance of dream!

Where the summer pippins fall
In the orchard's grass-green thrall,
There Olympus lifts for me—
Punch the fruit and shake the tree;
Put it in a pan and bake
Just for love of old time's sake!

Leave the skin, but clean the core,
Then around the fruit-globe pour
Melted sugar, cinnamon,
Ping of butter—when 'tis done
Serve with cream, and let your lips
Smack with joy as down it slips!

Bake until the golden wine
Of the apple bubbles fine.
Round the pan, in corners sweet
Crystallizing with the heat,
While the butter and the spice
Melt into it in a trice!

Jove and Juno, on your throne,
Drink the wine and pick the bone!
Sing of honey and of dew,
Where ambrosial founts run blue;
Draw the ale and strain the lees—
Apples are Hesperides!

Brown and golden, baked and done,
Spiced and sugared—fruit of sun,
Juice of morning dew and sweet,
Amber of the midday heat;
Creamed and buttered, flaked and white,
Dreams of joy in every bite!

Glints of orchards, with their smiles,
Laughing leagues of meadow miles;
Rivers rippling, brooks that sing,
April on her bloomy wing,
Dancing to the harp of play
In the lilac arms of May!

Not baked apple, not alone
Fruit and juice and flavored zone—
But the ampler air and gleam
Of the past that brings its dream,
Sweet with youth and bright all over
With the breath of dew and clover!

—Baltimore Sun.

An Opinion.
"Starr's manager has promised to give a presentation of that comedy of mine," said De Ritter. "But I don't know when it's to come off."
"Probably the night after it's put on," suggested the cruel critic.—Houseton Post.

Ab, Me!
"But how could you tell, darling, that I had never proposed to any other girl?"
"Because you were not married," she murmured rapturously and admiringly.—Judge.

Swimming and in the Swim.
When Johnny has been in to swim
He always combs his hair
And dons his clothes from head to foot
With most exceeding care.
And, though he does his best to hide
What he has been about,
In manner most mysterious
Folks always find it out.

His sister's luck is different.
When to some place she goes
She prinks and dresses up with care
In frills and furbelows.
She wants it known she's in the swim
Beyond a shade of doubt.
In manner most mysterious
Folks never find it out.

—Brooklyn Life.

Her Sympathy.
Little Margaret was enduring a visit
From her boisterous cousins from the west.
One evening after the children
Said their prayers their talk turned on
Heaven. Henry, Dick and Bob wished
To know if they would go there when
They died. When an affirmative answer
Was given, little Margaret exclaimed
With heartfelt sympathy:
"Poor Dad."—New York Life.

Cold Encouragement.
He—Darling, I dream of you as my own.
She—But dreams, you know, go by contraries.—Baltimore American.

Apportioning the Year.
Now strolls the youth beside the sea,
No longer grimly thrifty;
For just two weeks' vacation he
Must save up coin for fifty!—Washington Star.

Accounting For It.
He—Miss Mabel colors so prettily.
She—Of course she does. Mabel never gets anything but the best.—Baltimore American.

Gloomy Thought.
Will not this sheath skirt fashion
Completely take away
The one redeeming feature
Of the rainy, muddy day?
—Kansas City Times.

Just So.
Ella—She married Stone just to get into society.
Stella—Made a stepping stone of him.—New York Herald.

The Other Way.
"So old Skindul is seriously ill. Is it true that his family fear the worst?"
"No; they are hoping for it."—Baltimore American.

Up to Date.
"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to a lecture, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You won't understand it, sir," she said.
"What is the subject, my pretty maid?"
"It's on woman's rights, good sir," she said.
"Then you won't marry, my pretty maid?"
"If they'll cut out 'obey' I will," she said.

Factors of Safety

The human body is a wonderful machine, provided with muscular, nervous and mental energy far in excess of normal needs. In health, the organs and tissues can do double their usual amount of work without strain or friction, because they have stored energy to meet the extra demand.

When you feel "all tuckered out," these factors of safety are nearly exhausted and you need to resort to

BEECHAM'S PILLS

to renew the supply of energy, wherever it may be called for. Indigestion, bilious attacks, constipation, loss of sleep, nervousness, dizzy spells, are warnings that the factor of safety in the stomach, liver, bowels or brain, is low, or nearing the danger point and needs to be replenished.

Beecham's Pills increase the supply of blood, strengthen the stomach, operate the bowels, feed the nerve cells, build tissue, and create a reserve supply of energy, which is the only natural and effective way to

Protect the Health

In boxes with full directions, 10c. and 25c.

Hay's Hair Health

Never Fails to RESTORE GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its NATURAL COLOR and BEAUTY

No matter how long it has been gray or faded. Promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy hair. Stops its falling out, and positively removes dandruff. Keeps hair soft and glossy. Refuse all substitutes. 2½ times as much in \$1.00 as 50c size.

IS NOT A DYE.

Sole U.S. and Can. Mfrs., N. J.
At 50c bottles, at druggists.
RED CROSS PHARMACY.